

The Magazine for the Christian Home

Hearthstone



Green Thanksgiving—Frances Dunlap Heron
Treat 'Em Like Adults—Bertha Gagos

The Magazine for the Christian Home **Hearthstone**

E. LEE NEAL, *Editor*

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HI!

If you look carefully under the name "E. Lee Neal, editor," you will see the name "Sue Heron, assistant editor," that's me (or to be grammatically correct that's I). You'll be seeing my name in that assistant editor space for a long time to come, I hope.

My mother, Frances Dunlap Heron (many of you readers have heard of her, I'm sure), started working here at the Christian Board of Publication 27 years ago this summer. So I'm carrying on ye olde family tradition. My first job upon arriving for work on Monday, June 21, was editing one of my mother's articles, which appears in this issue of *Hearthstone*. Methinks that this fact belongs in Memory Lane somewhere with roses and sweet violin music.

That's enough about me for now. I'm pleased to meet you.

In This Issue:

You're in for an abundance of good reading this month. Ward S. Miller has written another of his excellent biographical sketches, this time on Winston Churchill. "Problem Child" is the title of this selection. Is it possible that the portly, distinguished-looking gentleman whose picture we see upon various occasions was really a problem child?

Bertha Gagos has sound advice for parents in her article "Treat 'Em Like Adults." This is an admonition to you, Pater and Mater, to stop treating your adolescent bairns as though they still were wearing diapers.

Louise Price Bell tells you how to interest your small children in preparing culinary delights. "Start Them on Simple Kitchen Tasks," she advises.

Do you have eyestrain from watching too much TV? Ed and Harriet Dowdy in their article "What Do You Do With Your Time?" beseech you to rest your conjunctivitic orbs and indulge in a worth-while hobby.

For the kiddies there's another of Anne Halladay's "Cuddle Bear" stories. I've only mentioned a few of the interesting features appearing in this issue of *Hearthstone*. Better read them all.

Next Month:

Time seems to take a jet-propelled rocket ship between the Fourth of July and Christmas, and here it is almost Christmas again. In the December issue of *Hearthstone* you'll find an article by Bernice Lyon entitled "Time to Enjoy Christmas." There are many excellent features in next month's issue. Don't miss it.

That's all for this time. I'll be seeing you next month.

S. H.

**A Word
From
The Word**



—Three Lions

—Painting by Peter Paul Rubens
(Flemish School: 1577-1640)

Thaddaeus

Andrew, and Philip, and Bartholomew, and Matthew, and Thomas, and James
the son of Alphaeus, and Thaddaeus, and Simon the Cananaean, and Judas
Iscariot, who betrayed him.

Mark 3:18.

It is good to give thanks to the LORD
to sing praises to thy name, O Most High;
to declare thy steadfast love in the morning,
and thy faithfulness by night,
to the music of the lute and the harp,
to the melody of the lyre.

For Thou, O LORD, hast made me glad by thy work;
at the works of thy hands I sing for joy.

—Psalm 92:1-4

*Sharing the happiness of our homes with others enriches
our lives and makes us better Christians.*

Green Thanksgiving

by Frances Dunlap Heron



In every community there are individuals who would both give and receive around your Thanksgiving table. The same need for understanding and friendship applies to all.

IN OUR present-day Thanksgiving combination of football, television specials, and family reunions, we have lost sight of a distinguishing characteristic of that first American Thanksgiving in the fall of 1621, namely: it was an interracial affair, crossing family lines in an all-community celebration.

In gratitude to Squanto and other Indians who had taught them how to plant and to harvest, the Pilgrims invited eighty red-skinned guests to share three days of feasting, games, and prayers. The Indians turned it into what was probably the first potluck

dinner on American soil, by bringing wild turkey and five deer as their contribution.

The occasion was symbolic of man's need for friendship. It is unlikely that during those three days much thought was given to the fact that the Indians were really the old-stock Americans, the Pilgrims the refugee newcomers. Each group had learned from the other. Their common humanity bound them together.

It is natural that in our highly organized life today, Thanksgiving should revolve around the individual families. With our churches emphasizing the need for more

family togetherness, we should welcome the opportunities that our holidays give parents and children for fun and companionship.

But unfortunately there are many for whom such days as Thanksgiving are lonely times because they have no larger family unit with whom to share it: young men and women in the armed services stationed far from home; college students unable to visit their parents; students from overseas wondering what it's all about; young people in a big city on their first jobs; young married couples away from home for the first time; an elderly grandparent, widely separated from children and grandchildren; a man or a woman recently bereaved, withdrawn in sad memories. Then there's—just look around you and finish the list.

Many of these may not have a happy Thanksgiving. Not because we are unkind or inhospitable or selfish. Mostly, we just don't think! Or we say, "There must be somebody else more able to entertain them than we are . . . our house is crowded—and we don't want to rob our own children by bringing in outsiders . . ."

That argument overlooks a basic Christian principle: the more we share with others, the happier we are! Once my husband and I thought, too, that we just wanted "our own" together on special holidays. Even when the Chicago YWCA asked us and other families in our suburb to open our homes to foreign students, we demurred. It was the children who said, "Oh, yes! Let's ask for a Frenchman!" We found that ac-

ually Thanksgiving and Christmas and New Year's took on new meaning for us as a family when we shared our dinner and our traditions with persons from other lands.

Not all of us are located geographically so that we can entertain foreign students. In every community, however, there are individuals who would both give and receive around your Thanksgiving table. The same need for understanding and friendship applies to all. Because my own family has five years' experience in relationships with foreign students, I shall use them as the basis for this article.

The YWCA (and it is YWCA, not YMCA) has always been fresh out of Frenchmen, but we've had a variety of students, from Germany, Canada, Argentina, India, Pakistan, Turkey, and Iran. In addition, we've several times entertained a German Jewish refugee, still bearing the tattoo marks of concentration camp, and his Belgian Catholic wife.

The first snow of the season had fallen that Thanksgiving when we launched our "experiment" with foreign guests. While I basted the turkey and prepared vegetables, our own college son, Al, and three others of the family met the train. They drove Canadian Mac, graduate student of psychology, and German Fritz, history scholar, through the countryside to get the feel of our whole community environment.

It was during that ride that an incident more dramatic than fiction occurred.

"Where is your home town?" Mac asked Fritz.

"Essen," replied Fritz.

"Essen!" exclaimed Mac. "Why, when I was in the RAF that was one of my chief targets."

"RAF?" echoed Fritz. "I shot you down when I was in the Essen anti-aircraft."

We sat down together at dinner—former wartime enemies, Scotch, Presbyterian, German Catholic, suburban community church members, visitors to our shores, and our thirteenth-generation American offspring! But as Don, our youngest, offered grace, we

were all one. The restaurant whetted appetites of the guests were sufficient expression of their thanksgiving.

After dinner Fritz and Mac showed us on our lighted globe the spots they had mentioned.

"We never liked it when we heard we were going to Essen," said Mac.

"We didn't like to hear you were coming, either!" bantered Fritz.

He told us how his spirited mother had schemed to keep him out of Hitler Youth classes—sent him to an international school in Switzerland—and so reared him that he was naturally one of those young men selected by our state department to come to the United States for observation and study. He would be a leader in his German community. And our family was given the privilege of showing him something about American democratic living!

"It was the best Thanksgiving we ever had," Don declared that evening and the rest of us agreed. A few days later the following

message from Fritz re-enforced our pleasure:

"It was such a nice experience to stay on this peculiar American holiday in an American family. May I send you my best thanks and wishings."

Since then we've entertained Pedro, student of architecture from Argentina, who told stories of his father's being jailed for speaking out against Peron. "The politest guy I ever saw" was Don's description. For him our servantless home was a novelty as was, of course, our Protestant community church, with its thirty co-operating denominations budgeting a little French Catholic orphan in its benevolences! "In this country we believe everyone should be allowed to worship as he pleases"—my subtle suggestion to Latin America.

Mehmet, a Moslem from Turkey, also studying architecture, liked our beautiful new Gothic church building—especially the kitchen. (He'd go back home and put kitchens in the mosques.) I shall never forget his visit at Christmas, when



—Eva Luoma

"That Thanksgiving will remain green in my memory forever as one of the happiest days I have spent in this land of democracy, plenty, and opportunity."

he stood by our tree looking down at our crèche in the fireplace-cave, listening to our story of the birth of the Christ Child.

Ram from Bangalore, India, enjoyed our holiday hospitality so much that he sent us an invitation to see him receive his master's degree. Knowing that there would be no relatives to congratulate him, my husband and Don went to the commencement exercises and greeted him afterward as his "family." He put Don in touch with a boy in India, and the two exchange letters, stamps, and pictures.

That's the gratifying thing about these social contacts. They don't stop with one day's visit. Our community became so enthusiastic over the holiday experiment that the young people of the church decided to sponsor a week-end visitation. As I write, we are still exclaiming over its success. Thirty-two students from fourteen nations spent Friday to Sunday in our midst. The Herons were fortunate enough to draw two Fulbright scholars, Ali of Iran, specializing in English literature, and Gunther of Bavaria, majoring in journalism.

What a treat for Don to hear history from firsthand experience: the Iranian oil question, the German school system, the emancipation of Moslem women, Hitler's regime, Communists (Gunther was a Russian prisoner for two years). We, in turn, tried to point up American customs and traditions.

Our basement recreation room is the polling place for our precinct, and the voting booths happened to be set up at the time. Thus, we could show the visitors democracy at the grass roots. They quickly learned the stimulus of bargain-hunting in local stores. Roast beef and browned potatoes, chicken pie, and brownies put all of us on a one-world basis.

Our congregation at church that Sunday morning included guests of Roman Catholic, Greek Orthodox, Moslem, and Jewish backgrounds, sharing in a distinctly Protestant service. "Share" is the right word. On one side of my husband, Gunther offered a silent Lutheran prayer before being

seated. On the other side, Ali, follower of Mohammed, joined him in singing "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus"!

At our own Sunday dinner table we asked Gunther to give thanks in German before the meal and Ali afterward in his native tongue. Ali, with large, brown eyes and a gentle smile, hopes to translate Shakespeare into Persian.

Our son will never confuse Ali with the picture of Moslems that we had in our youth—bearded monsters charging across the desert on black horses, brandishing knives amid blood-congealing shouts of "Allah!"

If we have given anything to our foreign friends, we have certainly received more! "They're more interesting than other company," our children insist. Through knowing them, we come to think of their countries as Fritz and Mehmet and Pedro. We even have cause to believe that Don will pursue a career of government service partly because of interest stimulated by these contacts. We actually feel sorry for any family that hasn't sat down to turkey and cranberries and pumpkin pie with guests of varying accents, faiths, and skin colorings.

Our thankfulness grows when we receive such notes as these afterward:

"You were the first to remove my homesickness by inviting me to a dinner at your place. . . . I have had the honor of being invited to several smaller towns. I doubt I would have held the same opinion of American life and the people as I do today, had I not had that. I am so much happy that I couldn't help writing all about this to my relations and friends in Pakistan and in different countries of Europe." (Hasan of Pakistan)

"I only hope that God may keep and bless you and that one of these days I may have the privilege to entertaining you in my country." (Gunther of Germany)

"That Thanksgiving day will remain green in my memory forever as one of the happiest days I have spent in this land of democracy, plenty, and opportunity." (Ram of India)

Stamp

Collecting

by Ollie J. Robertson

WHY do thousands of Americans, boys and girls, and grown-ups, too, spend much of their spare time collecting small bits of colored paper? The main reason is that it's lots of fun collecting anything, and everywhere there is a demand for old and rare stamps.

Stamp collecting is a fascinating hobby. You can think of a stamp as a ticket which allows you free passage to the whole world. You can visit foreign lands and never leave your living room. Across the ocean to India, the Arctic regions, and to tropical America, the little stamp can, in your imagination, carry you to the place you have often dreamed of seeing.

Take, for example, the stamp of Cuba. Cuba is an island in the Caribbean Sea and is just south of Florida. With a Cuban stamp you board a liner at Miami and sail over the blue sea to Havana, the capital city of the island. On landing, the first thing you want to do is to see the city. With a native guide to lead you, you find Havana much like the cities in the United States.

(Continued on page 28.)



—RNS

Winston Churchill as a boy. One governess thought him "the naughtiest boy she had ever seen."

Lord Randolph Churchill was the third son of the seventh Duke of Marlborough. As a boy he lived in Blenheim Palace, a 250-year-old mansion named for the most famous victory of the first Duke, who had built it. It has 320 rooms and 2700 acres of land.

One evening in August of 1873 at a ball on board a ship Lord Randolph met Jeanette Jerome, the spirited and exciting daughter of the publisher of the *New York Times*. Forty-eight hours later he proposed, and she accepted. The Duke and the publisher prudently, but with great difficulty, slowed the romance as much as they were able, but finally Jeanette's father consented. The two were married on April 15, 1874.

Lord Randolph was 24, and his bride was 19. Defying feminine customs of her day, as did her mother, she was active and athletic as well as very beautiful and very accomplished in the ways of

Problem Child

by Ward S. Miller

Paris, London, and Trieste. He was rapidly becoming an explosive figure in British politics, somewhat short (five feet nine inches), rather stout, and distinguished by a mustache which made him a natural for political cartoonists. He was to be nicknamed "The Bantam."

Winston, the first child of this striking pair, made his debut prematurely on November 30, 1874, when his irrepressible mother, who was seven months' pregnant, insisted on attending the St. Andrew's ball at Blenheim despite the advice of her doctors. The

birth took place in the cloak room, amid silk hats and velvet capes.

It was as appropriate as it was inconvenient, that Britain's greatest statesman of the twentieth century should be born at Blenheim where are focused the memories of the first Marlborough, who fought to defend the Protestant faith and to keep Louis XIV from gaining control of all Europe, much as Hitler tried to do in the twentieth century. He could never become a Duke of Marlborough, but he could write a biography of the first and most famous one. He would live to surpass the achieve-

ments of his famous ancestor.

As a scion of English aristocracy, young Winston was born to a life as complicated as a floor plan of Blenheim. It was, to begin with, a life surprisingly remote from that of both parents. His mother's time was taken up with horsemanship, fox hunting, and social affairs. She loved her son, but he was cared for by a procession of nurses and governesses. At least one thought him the naughtiest boy she had ever seen. But the one who was with him longest, a Mrs. Everest, so endeared herself to him that he keeps her picture on the wall of his studio at Chartwell still. Mrs. Everest was his confidante as well as his nurse.

"She was my dearest and most intimate friend during the whole of the twenty years I had lived," Churchill said of her when she died.

It seems probable that she inculcated in him much of the simple religious faith which was hers.

Perhaps, also, she was responsible for the moral code and sense of justice so prominent in the statesman's thinking.

He had the highest reverence for his mother, however, and he has said that she made a brilliant impression on his childhood life. She was like the evening star to him, and he loved her dearly but at a distance.

Lord Randolph remained a distant figure, also, to whom the young Winston was, if anything, more devoted than to his mother. Yet in his father's presence he felt awkward and uncomfortable, and his father found it difficult to yield to anything like intimacy. As Winston reached adolescence, however, he became passionately interested in his father's political speeches, which he read avidly, and in the campaign caricatures that *Punch* was publishing. He eagerly and unquestioningly espoused his father's political views. He was only twenty when his fa-

ther died, exhausted and disappointed, at the age of 46.

Winston was only seven when his parents sent him to a boarding school—St. James's at Ascot. Here his first task was to learn the declension of the Latin word *mensa*. When he objected because he could see no point in learning Latin, he was threatened. During his two years there he was beaten frequently, often cruelly, and he made little progress. He persisted in his refusal to write Latin verses. Once he became the hero of the other boys when he kicked a master's hat to pieces. His health was injured by the brutality to which he was subjected, and his resentment burned for years afterward.

From Ascot he went to Harrow, where he was accepted because the headmaster perceived his abilities, even though he could offer only a few blobs and brackets by way of an entrance exam. While at Harrow he remained consistently at the bottom of his class and made

—RNS



Young Winston with his mother, whom he loved "dearly but at a distance." She was "like the evening star" to him.

little progress in Latin, Greek, or even mathematics. Repeating grades as he did seems to have strengthened his command of the mechanics of English, however, helping him to build a solid foundation for the rhetorical style which has made him a writer of extraordinary charm and force.

The most striking fact about the childhood of Winston Churchill is the diversity of his activities and associations, particularly during vacations, and largely with cousins and relatives of his own age. In school and outside he was a natural leader, and the activities ranged from plays and play acting to outdoor games and pastimes of various kinds. One day jumping over the rail of a bridge into some evergreen trees which he imagined would break his fall, he miscalculated and was so seriously injured that he barely recovered.

One of his pastimes was fighting battles with toy soldiers, of which he had fifteen hundred at one time. One day when he had them drawn up in battle array, his father came into the room, studied their deployment carefully, and asked Winston if he would like to have a career in the army. Winston delightedly said yes. He did not realize that his father had made the proposal because his son showed so little promise in school. Thus casually was his career determined.

When Winston was ready for the army, he was unable to pass the examination for Sandhurst, which is England's West Point. Twice he tried, and twice he failed. The third time he succeeded, partly through luck. Even then his score was sufficient only for the cavalry, and his father was deeply disappointed.

The cavalry proved agreeable, however. Winston liked it because it was practical, and he applied himself as he had not at Ascot or Harrow. The cavalry training led quite directly to his adventures in the Boer war and his service in India, where he began to grow intellectually curious to the extent of spending four hours a day doing the kind of reading that is the core of a liberal education. It in-

cluded such books as Plato's *Republic*, Aristotle's *Polities*, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, and Macaulay's *History of England*. His powers of leadership and his constructive imagination found increasing scope, and his career unfolded as he progressed toward the achievements for which he is best known today.

Where in the midst of all his youthful defeat and frustration was the character and personality of the future statesman moulded? How did his best qualities emerge? The experiences at Ascot would have cowed many a boy and broken his spirit, yet they seem to have made Churchill merely more assertive without shaking his self-assurance. The cavalry would have become pretty much of an end in itself for many boys of good family, and the several months of leave which a cavalry officer enjoyed each year would have undermined both character and ambition.

Surely, heredity was a factor which cannot be discounted. His father was a man of courage and imagination. He had led his party brilliantly, if erratically, and had held the post of prime minister briefly. Winston inherited his father's fiery temperament. He inherited, no less, his mother's enterprise and independence, going back several American generations and including three or four clergymen. Heredity, as far back as the first Marlborough and beyond must have fortified him to some degree with the dogged, indefatigable determination to resist the paralyzing pressures of conformity and repression which his schooling brought.

Environment contributed variety and fostered versatility by the wide range of companions, pastimes, surroundings, and relatives with which it provided him. The vicissitudes of his father's career had even brought him a sojourn in Ireland for a few of his earliest years. The vacations were variegated and colorful.

The religious influences are difficult to isolate and to analyze. The simple faith of his childhood

was upset by his reading in India, says one biographer, but he regained much of it. A fellow in the House of Commons could write of him earlier in the century that Churchill was a fatalist and felt himself in the hand of destiny. Churchill is not often articulate about his faith, but one feels it in his attitudes and utterances. Occasionally he speaks overtly, as he did on November 29, 1942:

"A quarter of a century ago . . . the House, when it heard . . . the armistice terms, did not feel inclined for debate or business, but desired to offer thanks to Almighty God, to the Great Power which seems to shape and design the fortunes of nations and the destiny of man; and I therefore . . . move that the House do now attend at the Church of St. Margaret, Westminster, to give humble and reverent thanks to Almighty God for our deliverance from the threat of German domination." This was the identical motion which was moved in former times.

It was he who called Dunkirk "a miracle of deliverance."

Religious insight is implicit in many of his actions. The specific source of those insights is difficult to discover, however, in a country in which the church is part of the state, clergymen are civil servants, and the "public" schools do not try to separate the church from the state.

Were one to write the history of the twentieth century with Biblical terseness and insight, he would no doubt state that God raised up a man named Winston to deliver England from her enemies in an hour of need, to help restore her for a time at least, and to prepare her for the next crisis which she and her English-speaking partners must face in this Atomic Age. Such a writer might be slightly more explicit about Dunkirk and call it "a miracle of divine deliverance."

*The girls were of different races and backgrounds,
but they all wanted peace and brotherly love*

Game in the Peace Bowl

A story by **A. Beatrice Young**

THE bell rang furiously and long. To the students it was not just a tinkling jingle permitting classes to be dismissed; it was the signal for the beginning of a long week end when scholastic chains would be broken for five hundred college girls. At the sound of the bell the instructor hurriedly glanced at her class rolls:

Naloni from Hawaii was present
Nezhat from Iraq
Ligia from Costa Rica
Ruika from Japan
Estrella from Mexico
Wilma from Alaska
Dawn from Texas
Helen, Margaret Ann, Donna from Nebraska
Barbara, Deanna from California
Babette, Leslie from Portland and Myra, Jacqueline, Archilee...

"Happy week end!" she smiled, dismissing the class and closing the class book on a perfect attendance record.

"The same to you," they greeted as they filed past her desk or gathered in groups to make last-minute plans for the Friday night Candy Cane Capers.

The instructor noticed the girl from Costa Rica leaving the classroom hand in hand with girls from Hawaii and Kansas. The very dark-skinned girls laughed and chatted gayly with the white race. The O'Briens, the Rosenbergs, the Vedovas, the Rashids stood around the desk talking freely:

"There will be fellows from all the near-by universities for the Candy Cane Capers tonight," said one, expectantly.

"It will be fun to meet a Frenchman," added another.

"Or a Chinese."

"Or a Hindu wearing a turban."

"A Hindu?" interrupted an exuberant voice.

"Yes," assured a veteran of these international parties. "The School of Mines boys come from all countries."

"The young fellows are all good fun, too."

"Oh, sure! I forget their color and race when I begin talking to them. It's the same on our campus. I never think of Ligia as a Costa Rican or Ruika as a Japanese."

"We're all just young people

together trying to learn."

"All nationalities have some smart people and some dull people, some good and some bad—or shall we say, some not so good?"

"But we can learn from all peoples, and all have something to teach."

"Nationality makes no difference."

"Or creed or color."

"Who said that?" asked the instructor. "One of you has just murdered a prejudice."

The girls, all fond of whodunit stories, looked at her with laughing eyes.

"If you murder a philosophy, you must replace it with a better idea," explained Miss Fisher. "You have taken away what doesn't matter. Now, to each of you, what does matter?"

This seemed to be the opening the girls wanted.

"Peace," sighed Naloni. "I want my Hawaiian Islands to retain their exquisite beauty. This cannot be done if we have to give all our time and money to supporting armies for destruction."

"Yes, peace," added Ruika. "I would not wish any country to experience the horror of atom bombs."



—John R. Steiger

Miss Fisher's pupils came from all over the world, and with them they brought their own philosophies and ideals. "We are learning to win battles in the classroom," Miss Fisher said to herself, "preparatory to winning the greatest game of all—the peace game."

"Peace, please let us have peace. I want my children to know Alaska as I have known it."

Wilma was so in earnest.

"Peace, so that we *may have* children. It is not fair to bring them into a world filled with fear and prejudice," said Susan from Montana.

Chattering, they moved on down the corridor and into the freedom of the week end. Laughter and philosophy faded away with the sound of flat-heeled sandals. The classroom was nearly deserted when Nezhat returned to Room 326 for her forgotten book. "My family has always believed that prevention is so much easier than cure," she said, continuing the former discussion. "Preventing war, although it may be hard, is really easier for the world than establishing peace again after our civilization has been destroyed."

"What do you suggest . . . ?" the instructor began.

But the question was not heard. Abruptly the door was blown shut. On the corner table the globe wheeled slightly, and a shudder spread over the world. The water of the Thames River flowing gently under the London Bridge of 1616 seemed to dash in angry waves over the edges of the tiny silver frame which held it captive in an English classroom. Calendars from England and Scotland fluttered their pages as if to say

"Take your choice for a date for peace. It can just as well be June or October this year as January or July in ten years from now."

Miss Fisher walked to the window and stood looking out at the long, peaceful road which stretched endlessly beyond her vision.

"Our world has seen countless numbers of teachers," she said to herself. "They go on and on like the straight road, never deviating. We have thought that teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic were the most important elements of education. We have ignored the great teachers and their teachings in our ever-mad attempt to be up to date. Jesus taught 'My peace I give unto you'—nothing about the three R's. Emerson taught 'Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.' We have pretty much bypassed principles, bringing them into the school curriculum only incidentally in our eagerness to teach the first grade child to read; the second grader, numbers; the third . . ."

Miss Fisher's thoughts went on like the highway. "It is a popular theme for authors of novels," she recalled, "to have a group of their characters all perish at the same time. Then the author tries to ferret out why this particular group should have been brought together only to be overtaken by

fate's trick. Why," she questioned, "have all these students been brought here, from seven countries and thirty-two states, to live together? To learn to read, or to learn the principles of life?"

The students themselves, she remembered, some time ago had answered this question:

"I flew from Baghdad," explained Nezhat. "It took me six days, and that gave time to stop and visit friends in Damascus, Rome, and London. I also stopped in Iceland and New York City before coming on to Denver. As I flew from the ancient and historical city of the Arabian Nights tales, I said to myself, 'I know what I want to do. I have a purpose to fill and a goal to reach. I came to the United States not only to take but also to give. For if I keep taking, shall I not be like the Dead Sea? And who wants to be a dead and dark sea? I came here not only to learn, but, also, to teach. To teach does not mean necessarily for me to be a professional instructor. No, but to teach with every act, every word, and with my whole life. I came here that I may influence others and be influenced, too. What I shall get here, I'll give there in Iraq. What I learned there, I'll teach here, and what I learn here, I'll teach there.'"

Miss Fisher remembered that Nezhat's large, dark eyes had sparkled as she gave forth her philosophy of love and generosity—the philosophy of Gandhi whom she had known and loved. Miss Fisher meditated on the far-reaching influence of this young, foreign freshman, "Her's is a way of life that she is happily sharing with 499 other students."

And others were teaching, too. The warmth of their tropical countries of Costa Rica and Hawaii had been expressed by Ligia and Naloni. "We have no race feeling in our countries," they had said. "All nationalities live together to make one unified nation. We think it is strange in such a large country as the United States for you to have prejudice." Their fellow students have agreed—it is strange to take cognizance only of the

color, race, or creed when the spirit of each person is so much more important.

"Little you know about Alaska," Wilma had explained, "if you rely on the textbooks. People are amazed when I tell them we do not live in igloos! If you want to see really beautiful scenery, come up sometime; and you can leave your fur coat behind, because the Japanese current warms us, you know, or do you?" she continued. "When I become a teacher, I am going to teach the truth about countries and the people who inhabit them. We all need to know more about each other." Being with Wilma is a broad education in itself, the students declare.

And Ruika, who takes so much time to talk with the children of the campus folk, had one day told the students in Miss Fisher's class, "In my country, we think the world of children. My mother has told me many times that children are jewels. I just naturally love them. Every girl must prepare herself to be a good mother; maybe loving children is one of the requisites." Politeness and consideration are Ruika's endearing qualities. The girls listen intently when she speaks, for her mother has given her the charm and grace of one of those "jewels."

The girls from the States are good teachers, too. "It is silly to get up on the wrong side of the bed. I didn't even know what that meant until I came here." "Always be sunshiny just like our climate" is the slogan I have been brought up on," explained Peggy, bringing her home teaching from California. Her companions agree that this is the most pleasant way to live. "Be open and frank, above board," chorus the Texas girls, "or else you'll never, never win a rich and handsome Texas cowboy or an oil man."

"This is the answer," Miss Fisher was beginning to solve the riddle. "They are all brought together to contribute to an international potpourri which will be served to those who truly desire to give the best they have, and

thus they, in return, will get the most out of living. They are all helping to murder prejudice and hate. Each, in a different way is teaching love, generosity, consideration, hope, faith, courage, honesty—the spiritual values that they have learned at home, in church, or school in their various countries and states. These are the qualities that are displayed the world over in our great athletic games and in the winning game of life." Miss Fisher's eyes opened wide. She seemed to see something beyond the end of the long road. Turning, she sank into the large chair and gazed intently at the oak desk before her. It spun like a whirling top, and when it settled, the classroom became an immense athletic bowl. "We are learning to win battles here in the classroom," she breathed, "preparatory to winning the greatest game of all—the peace game."

There are two factions in this peace-bowl game as there are in any game. There are those who are interested and are rooting with all their might against prejudice and fear—rooting for the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man; and those of the opposing group who are just disinterested and are resting undisturbed. Oliver Cromwell once said, "Though peace be made, yet it's *interest* that keeps peace." People, he thought, have always needed an interest just as they have always loved to have something to fight for.

"Peace in our time is the greatest thing we have ever had to fight for, and for its success it requires the interest of every one." Miss Fisher's eyes were becoming more steady. Mentally, she saw this college group of 500 young people there in the athletic bowl in the thick of the action, fighting with their interest, fighting for peace now, now waiting for it in heaven. They were applying the principles of life to the greatest game humanity has ever witnessed; not for the survival of any race, creed, or color, but for the continuance of life itself.

"The peace-bowl game will not

be won or lost at the peace table with a few in conference," she mused. "But how will it be finished?" she questioned herself.

Miss Fisher could always figure out things better if she had a piece of chalk in her hand. She rose from her chair and moved to the blackboard. "It will be won," she wrote in large letters such as she used when instructing her classes, "by all the citizens of the world. We all have longed to see the great bowl games, but seating capacity was limited and distances were great. Now, however, everyone has his great chance to participate in a champion game, because there is a reserved seat waiting for each one at the game in the peace bowl."

Marilyn Fisher stepped back from the blackboard and surveyed her writing. Then she burst into peals of laughter. "I must tell my girls about this early Monday morning," she thought. "I am sure they never dreamed of being invited to play in any bowl game."

DOMESTIC JUSTICE

My wife was sure that I'd repair
Our broken drop-leaf table,
But, loath to leave my easy chair,
I said I wasn't able.

Of course, I could have done the
task—
The little woman knew it.
Provoked with me, she chose to ask
An artisan to do it.

And now the simple little job
I said I lacked the skill for
I note, with something like a sob,
I've wound up with a bill for!

-Richard Wheeler

Do you show respect for adults but not for your children? The author of this article finds you will have better co-operation from your children if you—

Treat 'Em Like Adults

by Bertha Gagos

THAT covers our business for today," said Mrs. Walters, chairman of the junior high PTA committee, as she snapped her notebook shut.

"Please, may I talk about something not related to guest speakers?" youthful Mrs. Rose asked timidly. Mrs. Walters nodded.

"Our thirteen-year-old Carl talks back to his dad and me, yelling arguments against everything we ask him to do. We don't know how to handle the problem!" Mrs. Rose sounded close to tears.

"Oh, all teen-agers go through a stage of talking back," Mrs. Snow explained wisely. "Parents have to endure it the same as they do measles or mumps."

"What makes children behave like that?" Mrs. Rose demanded.

"My mother says it is a signal to parents that Sally and John are getting ready for adulthood and should no longer be treated as children," explained Mrs. Walters.

"Thirteen is too young for a boy or girl to be entirely on his own," Mrs. Rose scoffed.

"Yes," Mrs. Walters agreed. "And it is also too old for us to keep trying to direct every move he makes."

"I suppose we do give Carl too many directions," Mrs. Rose said thoughtfully. "But since we have already told him he must do certain jobs at specified times, wouldn't it—well, be sort of backing down to change the rules now?"

"Too many parents, and teachers too, seem more concerned with 'saving face' than with helping children," said Mr. Butler, the only teacher present. "I think young people feel added respect for the adult who admits a mistake in judgment and changes the rules if a change is indicated."

"My biggest problem now is the quick changes of heart my young daughter displays," Mrs. Snow confessed. "She will have a temper tantrum, often saying cutting things to me. A few minutes later she is ready to apologize, but I can't get over my hurt feelings that rapidly, and she thinks I am being mean!"

"Our Linda seems to take a fiendish delight in getting me to fly into a rage, while she remains cool and completely controlled," Mrs. Walters flushed. "Each time I become angry, I vow it won't happen again. Then the same silly reaction follows our next disagreement, and I am once more dreadfully ashamed of myself."

"Another exasperating habit Carl has is trying to monopolize my attention when I have visitors," Mrs. Rose cried. "Sometimes I get so mad I scold him severely, which is most embarrassing in the presence of adults."

"I wonder why we feel embarrassed at displaying anger when adults are present but don't mind letting our youngsters see us in a rage?" asked Mr. Butler, grinning. Then he turned to the gray-haired woman sitting by the door.

"Mrs. Gardner, you have had more experience as a parent than the rest of us. What do you suggest as a solution to the problem of the annoying adolescent?"

Mrs. Gardner smiled. "My husband and I have found that the best way to maintain harmony between us and our five children is to treat them as we would treat adults! This is especially true in dealing with the three teen-agers. We try to be as polite and courteous to our children as we are to grown-up relatives and friends," she continued. "Our own children are more important to us than anyone else, and we need to make sure the young people realize that. This means we carefully include the boys and girls in our conversation when we have guests, encouraging them to participate in our discussions." She flashed an understanding smile at Mrs. Rose. "If a youngster is accepted as an equal in a group of adults, it will not be necessary for him to be annoying in order to be noticed. Encouraging a child to take part in grown-up conversation seems to give him a sense of self-confidence so important to us all, as well as help in teaching him to express himself."

"Now I know how to explain, in part at least, why the Gardner children are so able to hold their own in class discussions," Mr. Butler chuckled. "Please continue, Mrs. Gardner."

"Mrs. Walters, I sympathize with you when Linda deliberately

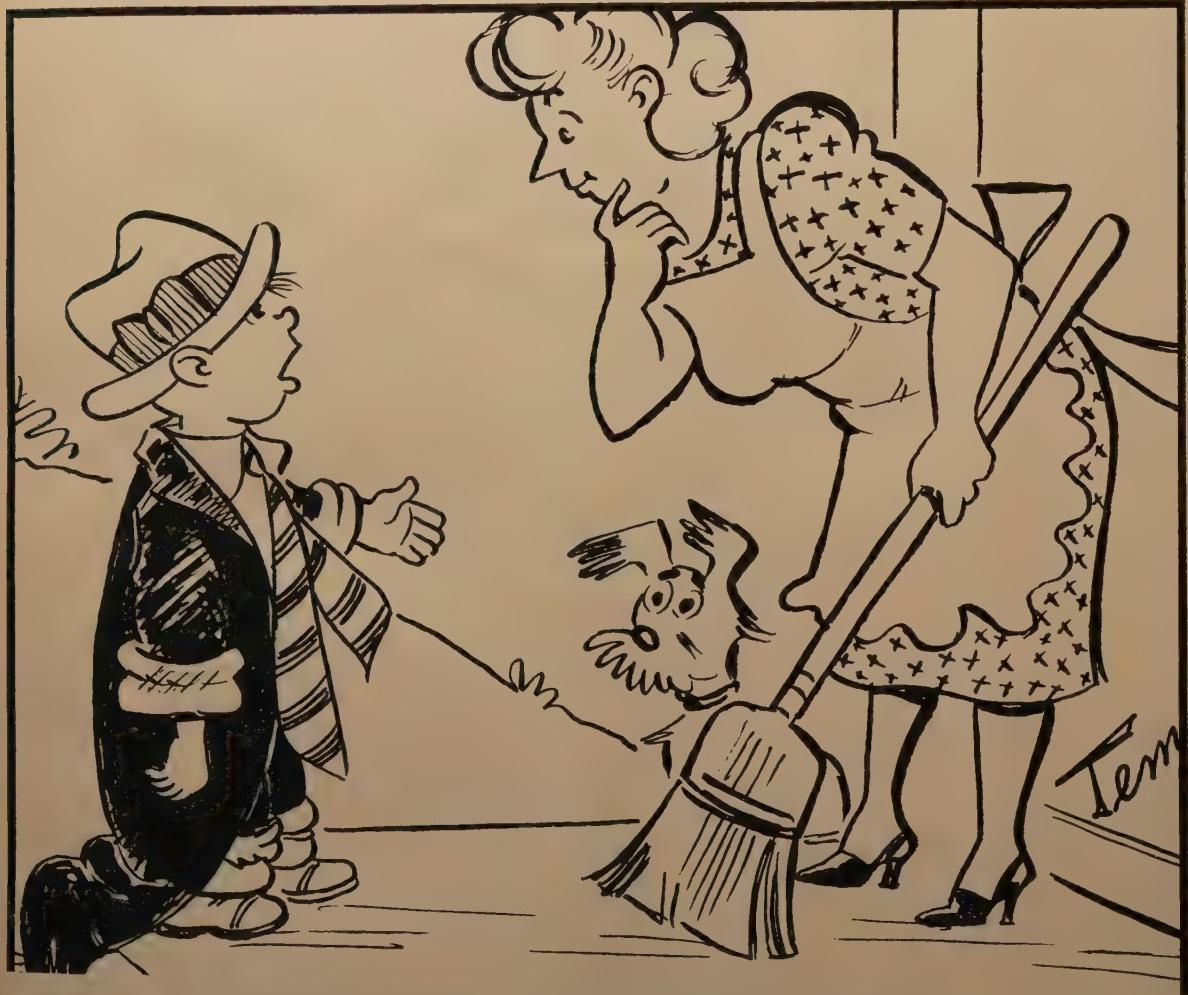
sets out to make you angry. It probably gives the girl a satisfying feeling of superiority to be able to maintain her composure while you are losing yours. You might try pretending that Linda is a rather juvenile-acting maiden aunt whom you must humor. Perhaps then it will be easier to keep self-controlled," she advised. "Mr. Gardner and I make a conscious effort to comment often upon the things in which each child excels, hoping to make him

havior in young girls. The fact that your daughter recovers so quickly from hers and wants to proves how unimportant they are to her. If you can keep this in mind, perhaps it will be easier for you not to be hurt. I have had to learn to ignore cutting remarks made by our three oldest children. At first this was hard to do, but now I can overlook their insults without much effort. That also includes what Mrs. Rose calls 'talking

greater future co-operation. One does not scold adults!"

"Linda insists that you and Mr. Gardner didn't even scold Helen the night the gang was so late getting back from the game in Center City," Mrs. Walter said.

"We did not scold her," Mrs. Gardner assured her friend. "We knew Helen would not deliberately stay out late, for she realized we would worry. So we said little until she had explained about the broken fuel line in the car. Then



"I'm hungry, Mom. How about a businessman's lunch?"

feel superior so that he will not need to resort to less wholesome means of building up his ego."

Mrs. Gardner turned to Mrs. Snow. "Temper tantrums seem to be a common pattern of be-

back." We find it really helps to give teen-agers suggestions instead of orders, and scolding is seldom indicated after a child reaches his teens. Being cross stirs up resentments instead of encouraging

I made her some hot chocolate and tucked her into bed. The poor girl was worn out with walking so far for help."

(Continued on page 30.)



—Photographs by A. Devaney, Bob Taylor and Eva Luoma

These Things I Would Not Miss

by Helen Renshaw

What are the loveliest things you know? Cool wind on a hot day? A dog's adoring eyes? Moonlight on the water? An organ playing softly at dusk? A swallow flying low? The feel of a dive into the sea? The playful splash of raindrops on your face?

These things we would not miss, and yet sometimes we forget our gratitude for them. Let a parent be reminded of these and much more besides. These things I would not miss:

Once I came and leaned close above our baby's small crib, and he gave me that tiny, secret baby's smile. His eyes were blue as larkspur, and his lips defied a painter's brush to imitate.

"What do you wish for?" I



cried in my heart. "The moon? The sun? The stars? You shall have them all," I promised, and his lids drooped sleepily, like soft blown petals. He sighed. It was a comfortable sigh. Oh, yes! We knew then the completeness of deep understanding, Baby and I. This moment I would not have missed!

One day I held out my hand. I spoke his name softly, insistently. Slowly he pulled himself up and stood swaying on two sturdy legs. "Try, Baby. Try!" I coaxed. "See the red ball I am holding?" His eyes acknowledged his quick desire, and one hand was extended. Then carefully, he took the first step. One step, two steps! My heart beat with his and leaped to choke me in my throat. Then his tiny hand touched mine. He stood there, eager and breathless with delight. A sweet startled look came to his face. Surprise? But it was more than that. It was there so plainly—he trusted me so. This experience I would not have missed!

Another day I set the table in blue and pink. Pretty balloons bobbed high above. On the round cake was a single candle, a proud white candle. But he cried when he released Daddy's jack-in-the-box. Aunt Susan's Mickey Mouse was quick to lose its tail. He hid behind my skirts when the candle burst into flame, and he wore his ice cream saucer upside down upon his yellow head. He called it a "bonnet." And just when I had counted all as lost, he spied wads of crushed tissue and curls of pretty ribbon. Ha, ha! A party! And he had a private celebration all of his own. This moment I would not have missed!

Then there was that first fight! What an awful moment! Bloody nose, grubby fists and shredded clothes. But a proud twist came to the swollen lips, and a small glow of triumph danced in his eyes. Father grinned, and Mother wept. It was indeed a tug at the heartstrings and a strain on the apron strings, but, it is one thing I would not have missed!

Another year he stood tall against the dresser.

"How tall, my boy?" I asked.

"Get the crayon, and we will chalk you up." But wait! Was that an inch-high thatch of yellow hair extending there above the dresser top?

"It's true," he grinned. "See how big I am?" Then I saw that a new look smoldered in his proud eyes—eyes that were thoughtful, deep and wise.

"He's just a little boy," I cried in my heart, but why deny the truth? So we moved to the tallest door and made our mark upon it. But would it help to make him small again? Little boy . . . big boy . . . man. Ah, but this I would not miss!

"One junior size customer, please, Mr. Barber. And pray, do remember he's new to all this. Can't you humor him? Can't you see how he fears the clippers? Oh, why must you be such an ogre! Sit still, baby child. It's your daddy who wants you to be a man." These were my unexpressed thoughts. Minutes later, but it seemed like hours, the barber sighed and whisked the small shoulders. Soft swirls of yellow curls littered the room. I dabbed at the child's tears. Mine, too, I blotted. It was an ordeal, and I was glad that it was over. But I would not have missed that milestone for all the wide world!

The time had come! He was going to school. It was such a large building for such a small child. He was wide-eyed and shining, and his shoes squeaked just a little. I must leave him, they told me. For long hours I must trust him to the care of strange hands. How time lagged when I knew he must miss me so. Then he was home again, and I cried, "Come! Sit here on my knee." But he drew away, indignant and tall.

"No! I'm a big boy. "Most as big as a man." I gasped, but I would not miss this moment, not even if I could!

Then came that in-between time when he was too old for make-believe and too bored with facts. He scorned his childhood yet was loath to leave the comfort of his teddy bear too far behind. He was not a child, yet he was not an adult. He had no language to express his feelings and so he

chafed. His awkwardness tripped him, taunted him. He was self-conscious, inexperienced, and filled with unsteady bravado. He was impatient to be a man and sorry, too. It was a change so painful to a mother's heart yet if there were no change, would not that be painful too?

Another time I recall clearly. He stood before me in a new and tailored suit. This moment I would not have missed!

A walk in the autumn is a very lovely memory to treasure. Breezes bit our faces, dogs were running races. Goldenrod hugged the fence, and frills of gay asters crowded the garden. Drying grass was growing old, but leaves were turning yellow, red, and orange. They crunched beneath our feet. The fields held pumpkins, and purple grapes hung in heavy festoons. The color was intense. Then from a heart that was warmed by beauty he turned to me and said:

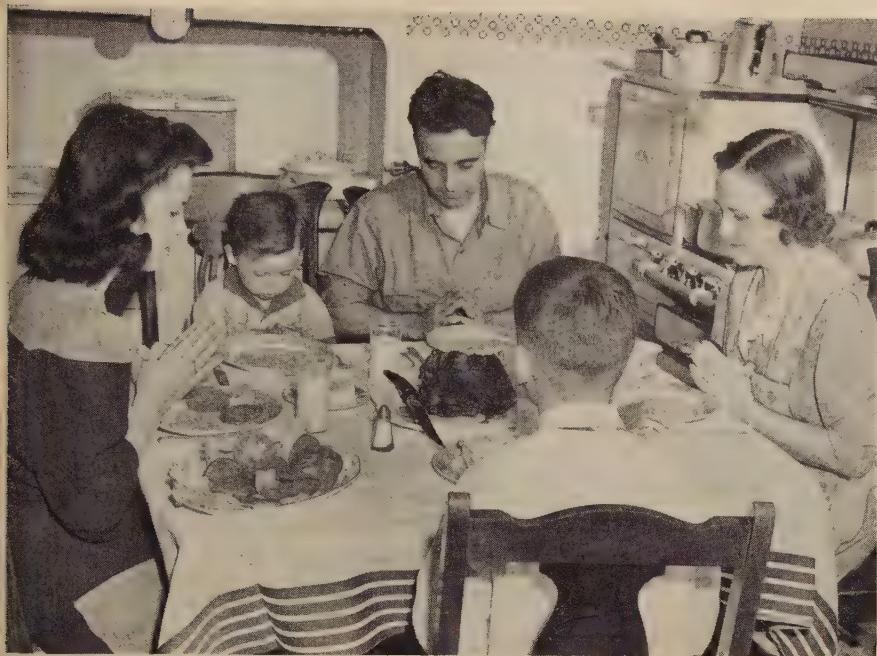
"I think that God must surely love rich color." Yes, this moment I would not have missed.

And then there comes the day I sit alone. It is a quiet afternoon. At frequent intervals my mind goes back. I try to pick them out, those precious gems of memory. But how they blur. How vague the day he clutched my fingers, toddled those first uncertain steps or huffed and puffed at the single candle. How vague the day we clipped his curls or led him to his father's tailor. When did he fight or cry or laugh? I wish I did remember.

What's that? The postman's whistle? He's brought me mail, one letter, thin but welcome. And in a young man's hand I find it boldly written.

"On this my birthday, Mother dear, I remember back to this . . . and this . . . and that."

Ah, yes . . . for shame! How came I to forget these things were ever shared? I was not there alone. He, too, remembers and forgets. What he forgets, perchance I'll then remember. And here at last I claim with gratitude the loveliest thing to know, this sweetest understanding of the old and younger. Just one more bright thing I would not miss!



Saying grace before partaking of food is a practice that strengthens homes and families.

Grace Before Meals

by Winston O. Abbott

OUT of Thy endless bounty,
Our needs are met each day.
Give to each a grateful heart
And hear us as we pray.

I was fortunate to be brought up in a minister's family where grace before meals was a matter of course. Quite frankly, I did not at that time realize the value of expressing thanks for food and shelter and friends and all the other blessings that too often we take for granted here in America.

As I have added a few years and some wisdom since that time, I have often thought of the reverence and humility with which my father offered a simple prayer of gratitude at each and every mealtime in the parsonage. I have some distinct recollections of having thought that my father was at times a bit too grateful for what was on our table. Long since, however, I have come to understand that the simple fare that was set

before us was one of our lesser blessings. We have so many blessings to count that it is all too easy at times to take them for granted.

Perhaps it is true, as it has often been said, that those with the least in material wealth are frequently the most appreciative of what they have. I am mindful that the first white strangers in our land came here to protect their heritage of worshiping God without being persecuted. I am also mindful that one of their first official decrees was to set aside a day of Thanksgiving, and they gladly shared what they had with the Indians who had befriended them. This I have discovered is the secret of true Thanksgiving, the willingness and desire to share with others.

When I was a youngster, I believed that grace before meals pertained directly and only to the food that was on our table. As I grew older, I began to understand

that "asking a blessing" was much more than that. It was an acknowledgment of the inadequacy of man alone. It was in reality a prayer with a different name.

Last summer while I was on vacation, I stopped for lunch at the base station of Mount Washington in New Hampshire. There amid the magnificent beauty of the mountains I thought of the many blessings for which I should be more grateful. At the table next to ours a family of four, which included two young daughters, were having lunch. As their waitress set the food before them and went busily on her way, they prepared to enjoy their meal. The younger girl of about eight years looked around at the people at near-by tables and then said in an audible whisper:

"Daddy, we haven't said grace yet." While they bowed their heads and were joined by those who had watched this little drama, she recited a brief verse and then looked up and smiled at everybody. The quiet, unassuming earnestness of this little child expressed, I believe, the simple beauty of a perfect prayer.

In my own family it has been customary to say grace with a simple verse of thanksgiving. Many of those in general use are probably familiar to thousands who daily offer grace before meals. While I make no claims of being a poet, I have during the years written simple "graces in rhyme." Undoubtedly, it is easier for a child to remember a thought in verse.

We ask Thy blessing on this home,
For now and each tomorrow.
Keep us within Thy sheltering care,
In happiness or sorrow.

or

For food and shelter
But more for friends,
We thank you Lord,
As this day ends.

or

Teach us to share our many gifts
With those in other lands.
Teach us to know that grateful hearts,
Are known by helping hands.

(Continued on page 28.)



My Blue Parakeet!

by Doris Clore Demaree

See the bird, Mother, look!

It's just like the one I have in my book.

Look, Mother, look! Isn't he sweet?

Is it really my own—this blue parakeet?

Watch the bird, Mother, see!

He's holding my hand and looking at me!

Watch his eyes—how they shine!

Oh, Mother, Mother! He's mine! All mine!



Watch him now, Mother, now!

He's holding so still while I bow!

Look, Mother, look! Oh, this is fun!

Do you think he will stay on my head if I run?

Photographs by Herta Newton

There he goes, Mother, there!

He will not stay still on my hair!

He's flying high! Oh, he is sweet!

Please help me catch my blue parakeet!



A WORD TO PARENTS

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

TO USE WITH YOUNGER CHILDREN

A BIBLE VERSE

We give thanks to thee, O God;
we give thanks.

—Psalm 75:1.

A PRAYER

Dear God, we are glad for our family. We are glad for happy times we have together. We are glad for good food to eat. Thank you, God, for all of these good gifts. Amen.

A MORNING GRACE

*Thank you, God, for love that brought us
Safely into this new day,
Bless this food and those who share it,
Bless our home, we pray.*

—Christina Alter

WORSHIP IN THE FAMILY WITH CHILDREN

Theme for November: We Thank You, God

Giving Thanks

Sally and Bobby always bow their heads and say a prayer of thanks before they eat. They call this "saying grace." Sometimes Bobby says a sentence like "Thank you, God, for food to eat. Amen." Sometimes Sally says a poem like the one on this page called "A Morning Grace." Sometimes Sally and Bobby sing a grace like the one on the next page. There are many ways to say thanks, but Sally and Bobby always remember to say "Thank you" to God before they eat. Do you?

Thank you, God,
for all good gifts



GRACE BEFORE MEALS

1st stanza Kathleen Noble
2nd stanza Jessie B. Carlson



For God's love glad praises sing!
For the food we eat this day



Thank you, God, for everything!
Thank you, God, we gladly say!



Here is a song of thanks that the entire family can learn and sing together. The first verse can be sung at any time. The second verse can be used as a grace before meals.

Prayer of Thanks

(You may want to include in your prayer the things you have put on your list of thoughts at Thanksgiving.)

Dear God, at Thanksgiving time we are especially glad for our family and friends. When we try to name all of the things for which we are glad, we have a long, long list. Help us to remember to show our family we are glad for them and that we love them. Help us to do what you want us to do. Help us to remember always to give thanks. Amen.

Thoughts at Thanksgiving

I am glad for my home
for my father and mother
for sisters and brothers
for neighbors
for friends
for food to eat
for clothes to wear
for toys and pets

I am glad for so many things

The Thankful Child

I thank God in the morning
For the coming of the light.

I thank Him at my bedtime
For the quiet of the night.

I thank Him in between times
For all the joys He brings—
My father's jolly laughter,
The songs my mother sings.

The friendship of my schoolmates,
Our teacher's pleasant smile.
My heart keeps saying "Thank you"
Every little while.

To Use With Older Children

A Psalm for the Thank Offering

Make a joyful noise to the LORD, all the lands!
Serve the LORD with gladness!
Come into his presence with singing!

Know that the LORD is God!
It is he that made us, and we are his;
we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter his gates with thanksgiving,
and his courts with praise!
Give thanks to him, bless his name!

For the LORD is good;
his steadfast love endures for ever,
and his faithfulness to all generations.

—Psalm 100.

—Laura Adams

LITANY

For Thee and all thy gifts,
Dear Father, we are thankful;
For Christ, the son of God,
Dear Father, we are thankful;
For rest and food and work and play,
For this very lovely day,
Dear Father, we are thankful.

For trees and pretty leaves,
Dear Father, we are thankful;
For our churches and our teachers,
Dear Father, we are thankful;
For our fathers and our mothers,
For sisters, brothers and all others,
Dear Father, we are thankful.

For water and grass that turns different
colors,
Dear Father, we are thankful;
For our world and for our homes,
Dear Father, we are thankful;
For shoveling snow and trees that blow,
For health and things that make us grow,
Dear Father, we are thankful.

—The Second Grade Primary Class,
First Christian Church, Springfield,
Illinois, Thanksgiving, 1953.



—Jean Francois Millet

THE ANGELUS

FOR FAMILY WORSHIP

A Call to Worship: Psalm 100:4-5.

Song: (Select one of the following or
your family's favorite Thanksgiving hymn.)

"Oh Give Thanks Unto the Lord,"
Primary Pupil's Book, Third Year,
Fall Quarter, page 22

"All People That on Earth Do
Dwell," Junior Pupil's Book, First
Year, Fall Quarter, page 29

Litany:

Use the one on this page or one you
and your family have made together.

Picture Interpretation or Story: (One
of the following might be used.)

"The Angelus," on this page

"The Second-Year Class Celebrates,"
Primary Pupil's Book, Second Year,
Fall Quarter, page 17

"A Sharing Thanksgiving," Primary
Pupil's Book, Second Year, Fall
Quarter, page 23

"The Feast of Tabernacles," Junior
Pupil's Book, First Year, Fall Quar-
ter, page 21

"The Succoth Today," Junior Pupil's
Book, First Year, Fall Quar-
ter, page 26

Poem: "The Thankful Child," on page
19.

Prayer: Make a prayer of your own,
remembering all the things for
which you are thankful.

Perhaps you will want to cut the picture from this page and mount it. Then you may use it on your family worship center or pass it around to the members of the family for them to see as one of the family tells about it.

This is a familiar picture. You probably have seen it many times. Perhaps you can tell about it already. If not, the following paragraphs will help you to understand and to appreciate the picture.

The man and the woman in the picture are poor peasants. They have been working hard in the field all day. They have been digging potatoes. Now it is evening. The sky is beginning to darken, and the couple have stopped work.

They stand silently. They can hear the bells from the church in the distance ringing clearly. The bells remind the man and woman that it is time to stop work and to give thanks to God. They bow their heads in prayer.

This is the moment which the artist, Jean Francois Millet, has painted. It is called "The Angelus." The Angelus bell was rung morning, noon, and night to call the people to prayer.

This painting has become a very famous one. It helps to remind people who look at it to give thanks to God. Whenever we look at it, we will remember to give thanks to God for all his good gifts to us. This picture is very appropriate for use at Thanksgiving.



CUDDLE BEAR

TRIES SOMETHING NEW

by Anne M. Halladay

IT WAS a bright, sunny morning in Piney Forest, but Cuddle Bear sat humped over on the big stone before the door of the old mine where he lived with Big Brown Bear Papa and Big Brown Bear Mama.

"Why, Cuddle Bear, haven't you gone to play yet?" Big Brown Bear Mama asked, when she came to sweep some pine needles off the doorsteps. "You aren't sick, are you? Did you eat too many honey cakes yesterday?"

"No," Cuddle Bear answered, "I'm just —"

But the minute Cuddle Bear said "No," Big Brown Bear Mama had turned back to her work inside the mine,—so Cuddle Bear was really talking to himself.

"I'm just tired of being a bear and doing bear things."

He dropped his little pouty chin into his paw and sat thinking about what he had said. Then quick as a flash of the sun on a pine needle, Cuddle Bear had an idea.

Well, if he was tired of being a bear, why not try something else? Why not try being a squirrel?

Cuddle Bear made up his mind all in a minute. He would go and talk with Sammy Squirrel about it. He would go right now. Up he jumped and was off down the path in the flash of a bird's tail—off to find Sammy Squirrel.

"I hope that Sammy is at home," Cuddle Bear began to trot as he drew closer to the tree where Sammy Squirrel lived.

"Hi, Sammy!" Cuddle Bear called, when he saw a flash of red tail in the branches above him. He was just in time.

"Hi, Sammy!" Cuddle Bear called again, "Wait, I want to ask you something."

Sammy Squirrel sat down and made a question mark of his tail up along his back.

"Sammy, I want to know what you do to be a squirrel."

Sammy's eyes were full of questions now.

"Why," he chuckled, "I just AM a squirrel."

"But what do you eat? What do you do?"

"Why, you know," Sammy Squirrel gave Cuddle Bear a queer look. "I live in that hole in the pine tree. I eat nuts and drink water. Right now I am on my way to gather some pinon nuts for the winter when the snow is deep."

"Well, I like nuts and water," Cuddle Bear said, half to himself and half to Sammy. Then he added, "No berries? No honey cakes?"

But Sammy Squirrel was running along the pine branch now. He reached the end then gave a jump to the next tree on his way to gather the nuts.

Cuddle Bear watched him go.

"That must be fun," Cuddle Bear said to himself, "I think I would like to be a squirrel."

So he climbed the tree to a low branch and sat there looking about him. It was pretty up among the

pine needles. Cuddle Bear leaned over and stuck his nose into the hole door of Sammy Squirrel's house. In fact, his nose was about all he could get inside.

"Maybe I could sleep on the pine branch," he told himself. He crawled along the branch now toward the outside end as he had seen Sammy do. He looked about for a branch on the next tree so he could jump across. But before he saw one—

Cra-ack! Snap!

"E-e -ee!" squealed Cuddle Bear, "The branch is breaking!"

And *crack, snap*, the branch did break. *Crash!* It went to the ground.

Wham! Kerplunk! Cuddle Bear went with it. Good thing it was that there was a soft bed of pine needles on the ground beneath. Even at that, Cuddle Bear groaned as he rubbed his fuzzy little back.

"Oo-oo!"

"Why, Cuddle Bear!" a quiet voice came from the bushes close by. "Whatever were you doing way out there on that small branch?"

Cuddle Bear turned about. It was Runny Rabbit.

Runny Rabbit's eyes were big with surprise as he came over to help rub Cuddle Bear's back.

"You had better stay on the ground," Runny Rabbit said, "You are heavy. You're a bear."

"That's just it," Cuddle Bear whined, "I'm tired of being a bear."

Then Cuddle Bear had that idea again.

"What is it like to be a rabbit? What do you do to be a rabbit?" he asked Runny Rabbit.

Runny Rabbit looked more surprised than ever.

"I just AM a rabbit. I live in that hole under those big rocks on the hill."

"What do you eat?"

"Oh, sassafras roots and leaves and"—Runny Rabbit's eyes took on a smiling look—"there is a lovely patch of clover on the river bank." Runny Rabbit let his long ears drop down on his head and went off lippity-lop down the path beneath the pine trees.

Cuddle Bear looked up at the big rocks that hid Runny Rabbit's hole on the hill above him.

"I'll go up and see it," he decided. "Maybe I would like to be a rabbit."

It was quite a climb and Runny Rabbit's hole was far back under the rocks. But it was not much bigger than Sammy Squirrel's hole in the pine tree. Cuddle Bear stuck his paw inside, then tried to go in nose first. Only his head would go inside and it stopped up the hole. Goodness, it was dark! Cuddle Bear sniffed the damp air.

"Ugh!" He gave a little growl. It smelled awful—the damp grass and dead leaves. And it was cold! When he pulled his head out, a stone fell on his nose.

Cuddle Bear gave a snort. Well, he was sick and tired of holes! He stood up in the sunshine and rubbed his back and nose and looked down the path where Runny Rabbit had gone lippity-lop. What had Runny Rabbit said—a clover path by the river?

And now Cuddle Bear squealed with delight. The river!

"Ee-e-e! I know. Johnny Beaver. He does not live in a hole. I'll go and see what he does to be a beaver."

So pad, pad, pad, down the path to the river went Cuddle Bear. And sure enough, Johnny Beaver was there on the bank cutting down a tree with his sharp teeth.

"Hi, Johnny!" Cuddle Bear pushed through the thimble berry bushes to reach his friend.

"Johnny, how do you be a

beaver?" Cuddle Bear asked right away. "What do you eat?"

Johnny Beaver grinned. He thought that Cuddle Bear was joking.

"Oh, I eat fish and bark and I do this." Johnny Beaver went on gnawing at the trunk of an aspen tree that he was cutting down to mend his dam in the river.

Cuddle Bear walked over and began to gnaw at a tree next to it. Goodness, it was hard! Bite and chew as best he could, he could not tear off even a little of the bark.

"Do all beavers have to do this?" Cuddle Bear asked as he stopped to rest.

"If they want a house to live in," Johnny answered.

Cuddle Bear looked across the river at Johnny Beaver's little round house sticking above the water.

"How do you get to your house?"

"Swim."

"Where is the door?"

"Oh, that is under the water," answered Johnny Beaver.

"You mean that you have to go under water to get into the door?"

Johnny Beaver nodded.

"Nose and all?" Cuddle Bear asked. He did not like to swim very well. And as to getting his nose under water, well, he did not like that at all. In fact it scared him so to even think about it that the hair on his fuzzy back stood up in prickles.

Cuddle Bear felt a little ashamed to have Johnny see he was afraid; so when Johnny Beaver started to drag the log he had cut over to mend a hole in his dam, Cuddle Bear ran to help him.

"Now it has to be plastered with mud," Johnny told Cuddle after they had the log in place. He started for the river bank and Cuddle Bear followed. Johnny picked up some mud so Cuddle Bear did, too.

Ugh! It was dirty! But Johnny did not seem to mind. He took his mud and put it into a crack and then packed it down with his long wide tail. *Slap! Slap!*

Cuddle Bear put his mud down and turned about to pack it with his tail.

Well, was he surprised! He

hardly heard Johnny Beaver laughing. For Cuddle Bear just did not have any long flat tail. In fact he had hardly any tail at all. About all that he could reach to flap was his own little furry britches.

How *COULD* he be a beaver?

"Well, I just couldn't be," he told himself. In fact Cuddle Bear was really just a little glad that he could not be a beaver. Fish to eat? Nice. And he could like sassafras roots, but cutting down trees, noses under water, sticky mud on your furry britches—those things he did not like at all.

When dinner time came, Cuddle Bear climbed the hill to the old mine. After Big Brown Bear Mama had helped him brush the sticky dry mud off his little furry britches, Cuddle Bear took a deep sniff of the fresh air in the old mine. The good smell of Big Brown Bear Mama's porridge floated in a little cloud about him. It smelled better than Runny Rabbit's deep dark hole.

He took a bite of the honey cake Big Brown Bear Mama brought to him. Mmm! It was better than fish or bark or roots.

Then Cuddle Bear looked across at his clean little pine bough bed in the corner. Surely it was better to sleep on than a pine tree branch.

"You are tired, aren't you, Cuddle Bear?" Big Brown Bear Mama said, as she looked at her little bear son.

"Yes," Cuddle Bear sighed. "I am tired, but I am not tired of being a bear any more. I'm glad that I am a bear. I LIKE being a bear."

DEVOTION

The Thanksgiving turkey

Raised as a pet

Will in all probability

Never be ET.

—S. H.



—Reginald Russell

START THEM WITH SIMPLE KITCHEN TASKS

by Louise Price Bell

Would you like your daughter to be able to prepare a meal while you relax? This author tells you how to get her started in the right direction

Most mothers want to teach their children to cook, but often let them start with something that isn't easy—such as fudge, or cookies, or

a cake. When children are started out with difficult tasks like that, they are likely to become discouraged and often will lose the natural

Children like to feel that they are "helping." Don't ruin their natural creative spirit by imposing difficult tasks upon them.

interest they originally had in cooking. Let them begin by removing seeds from the grapefruit you plan to serve for breakfast or lunch, or by squeezing orange juice for the family on Sunday morning when time is not at a premium. Beating eggs is easy, and youngsters love to watch the uninteresting liquid foam into fluffy whiteness. Cutting raisins and dates into bits is another simple task, as is greasing cookie and cake tins. Perhaps the first kitchen task outside of these might be making Jello, with mother adding the hot water to prevent any accidents. Children like to stir; you can let them pour the liquid into small molds, or one large one. If fruit is to be added, cutting it up is another easy task. Remember that the start is VERY important; so be sure to work up to more difficult kitchen tasks in a gradual manner, if you want your little girls to like cooking . . . and we all do.



—A Devaney.

What Do You Do With All Your Time?

by Ed and Harriet Dowdy

EVERY new gadget that has been invented in the past 20 years has promised new "leisure" to the homemakers of America. As our grandparents turned away from the village parsonage, they clasped their wedding certificate in youthful hands already scarred with toil. They looked forward to married life *working together*.

They had no problem concerning the use of leisure time. In all probability they had never heard the word "leisure" and, if they had, there was not much of it in prospect. Farm land had to be cleared, and timber had to be cut to build a house and barn. The endless

procession of plowing, planting, cultivating, and harvesting left few unoccupied moments.

In our pushbutton modern homes we have countless devices that eliminate or reduce to a minimum the time-consuming tasks that our grandparents took for granted. They might well ask us, "What are you doing with all the extra time that you are saving?"

The average home today does not have a great accumulation of leisure time. It takes skillful planning to find time for creative activities in most homes.

A simple definition of leisure is "that time not required in earn-

Creative activity in which the entire family can participate promotes greater harmony and well-being.

ing a living or in supplying the basic necessities for life." It is a mistake to think of leisure only as that time which is left over after everything is done. One of our friends used to remind us, when we complained about not having time to do everything we wanted to do, "You have as much time as anybody. *It's how you use your 24 hours a day that counts.*"

Today, when the 40-hour work-week is the general rule, it leaves a larger portion of the 168 hours in every week that can be classified as leisure. Literally, leisure means those hours that we can control ourselves.

A second look at our family budget of time will reveal that we have more of such time than appears at first glance. In spite of our busy schedules, there are hours that can be used creatively in every home.

Recent surveys reveal that our children are spending from 12 to 17 hours per week watching television. Here is leisure time. Is it always creative? In many homes the only after-dinner activity for the family is being entertained by TV. Because time is our most valuable possession, it is only fair to ask whether this activity is creative.

Creative use of leisure time at home does not necessarily mean that the family will be making something like a Persian rug. In the frontier family what we would call leisure-time activity produced new quilts and sweaters that were needed for family use. Today creative use of leisure time may produce nothing more tangible than an increased sense of family solidarity. In our modern society this is a highly desirable product. It is, however, more likely that creative use of leisure time will still produce some visible product like a flower garden or a redecorated bedroom.

Leisure time is really a frame of mind. The busiest people seem to have more time which they control

than those who actually have less work to do. Watch the person or family who has mastered the art of using time wisely and you will discover that they make every minute count.

Dr. Clarence W. Cranford, pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church in Washington, D. C., has a large collection of candlesticks. He has gathered them in the leisure time of a very busy pastorate. One day we were together in Richmond for a meeting at which he was scheduled to speak twice. After lunch we had about 15 minutes before the afternoon session convened. We visited two antique shops looking for a camp candlestick that the Confederate soldiers carried in their knapsacks. Minutes that could easily have been wasted were used to add a new piece to a growing collection.

In the home most leisure-time activity will come in small amounts. Fifteen minutes after the dinner dishes are put away, half an hour before bedtime, or an hour on Saturday afternoon may be the only time available for a family hobby. Wise is that family who can capture those moments that might otherwise be lost. The time available and the use to which it will be put will vary with the age of the children in the home. In a home whose schedule is dominated by a baby, watching TV after baby has been put to bed may provide needed relaxation for a tired mother and father. Where there are older children who abound in surplus energy, that project is best which uses some of that energy in a family project.

A trip to the zoo, a farm, or a park can be a wonderful outing for small children. These excursions can be creative, too. Children are quick to learn about the animals they love. With some parental guidance they will delight in learning about feeding habits, native habitats, and family pattern of any living things. Such knowledge will add interest to the same expedition week after week.

We may have implied that all leisure-time activity should be shared by the whole family. This is not necessarily true, for there are occasions when individual

members of the family will need some "free time." Some activities, like oil painting, do not lend themselves to group participation. Although some books ought to be read aloud in the family group, most reading will be done individually. This creative activity must not be neglected in this TV generation!

When family leisure means individual activity, there ought to be mutual encouragement. As different talents and skills emerge in our children, they ought to become the pride and joy of the whole family. In our home, for example, Heidi has just received her Junior II Honors award in piano. All of us lend our encouragement, although she must do her practicing alone. Joyce is taking violin, and we all share in the creative possibilities of this leisure-time activity. By the same token, when "Mommy and Daddy" are writing an article for HEARTHSTONE, our girls share the anticipation of seeing the final product in print. Mutual encouragement is creative, too.

Happy is that family whose interests run in the same direction. One fishing and boating enthusiast can be miserable among a family of "land lubbers." On the other hand, this activity may provide just the respite that is needed, provided it does not become the source of family friction. Many golfing husbands do not want to be accompanied by their families when they take to the links.

If any leisure-time activity of one member of the family is a threat to family harmony, then it is better to give it up and to seek something that is in accord. A family council session might work out a time schedule that would allow ample time for individual preferences and would reserve some time for a new family activity.

Last winter our family decided to learn to play chess. None of us had played before. It delighted our children to be starting a new game on a par with their parents. As we learned together, we found a new sense of fellowship and accomplishment. For real family fun, try a new hobby together.

Thanksgiving, Christmas, East-

er, birthdays, and other holidays are opportunities for creative family activity. Spending lots of money for these special occasions may spoil the chance for creative activity and rob them of half the fun. Table decorations and favors for these days are much more important, if you have made them yourselves.

At Christmas, for example, a homemade crèche will make the Bethlehem story more real than the finest crèche that can be bought. As you mold the figures of Jesus, Mary, Joseph, the shepherds, and Wise Men, the real Christmas story is made more vivid. A cardboard box, some straw or grass in an improvised manger will add a note of realism to the scene as you re-create it.

The gifts that are given at Christmas acquire new meaning if they result from family cooperation. A box of cookies or candy makes a welcomed gift. A birthday surprise for mother is easier in this age of packaged miracles. Even daddy with the help of the children can bake a birthday cake—if the directions are carefully followed!

Now that people have more leisure time, one might expect that Sunday would be reserved for church activity. On the contrary it is this day of rest and worship that is often used for major repairs to houses, automobiles, and lawns. In this "do it yourself" era there is real danger that Sunday will be used for leisure-time activity that leaves God out of the picture.

All the fine new materials in church school are designed to help families use Sunday in the finest Christian tradition. Activity books, work sheets, and home reading books have been prepared to extend the Bible emphasis beyond the church school. In many homes these materials are the outline for many an interesting Sunday afternoon.

No amount of leisure-time activity in the family can take the place of worship on the Lord's Day. It is our experience that the families who worship together are better prepared to use creatively their leisure time.

Study Guide

PLANNING FOR THE MEETING

As you plan for a study session based on "Using Leisure Time Creatively at Home," one or more of the following suggestions may be helpful in adding to the worthwhileness of the occasion:

1. Appoint a committee to canvass available recreational facilities in the community, and be ready to report for what ages they are suitable, and what cost, if any, is involved. Be sure to check your own church. What equipment and facilities does it have which can be creatively used by members of church families?

2. Make a survey of the actual leisure time of a representative number of families from your group. If this is not feasible, seek to discover from available reports about how much leisure time a typical group of parents similar to yours might be expected to have.

3. Prepare a list of helpful books and pamphlets on leisure activities for family use which are accessible in the public library, or are moderately priced.

4. Arrangements could be made for members of the group or others who are known to have interesting avocations to bring samples of their interests for display. These items could be incidental to the meeting, or could form an integral part of it as each hobbyist would talk briefly about the things he has brought. If this is your plan, be sure to arrange adequate display space.

5. As many of the group as possible should read the article "What Do You Do With Your Time?" ahead of the meeting. The chairman should have the main points at his finger tips for a summary of the article and should be prepared to guide the discussion under each major heading.

6. Appoint a panel consisting of several members of the group, each being responsible for presenting one or more sections of the article following an introduction by the chairman. Advance preparation would give each panelist a chance for further research which would make him an "expert" in his field.

7. If a speaker is to be secured, he should be selected well in advance and should be given an opportunity to read the article as background. He should also be advised as to the nature of the group he is to address.

8. Write to the department of family life education for help in securing a family life playlet related to this theme. (If none is available, perhaps you could write one yourself covering some of the points in the article.) A rehearsal would point up the issues which the chairman would want to throw open for discussion.

9. Be sure the announcements for your meeting

state clearly the aim for which you are coming together, and also make it clear that newcomers and visitors are always welcome.

10. Do not overlook the possibility of a filmstrip and accompanying discussion guide as an approach to the subject. Consult your denominational visual aid catalog for available materials, or inquire at your local Council of Churches about loaning privileges.

Conducting the Meeting

As you open the meeting, call for a volunteer secretary to outline the material covered and to record any findings or recommendations that grow out of the meeting.

You might want to open by giving an opportunity for a few definitions of leisure from members of the group. Follow this with a more thorough exposition as indicated in the article. If you are having a speaker, he may want to do this, or you could do it briefly before introducing him.

If you have chosen a leisure-time exhibit or a closer adherence to the article in any of the ways suggested in the planning section of this guide, be sure to establish common ground for your concept of creative use of leisure before you go on to specific techniques.

Allow opportunity to share experiences as you deal with each heading of the article but keep the reins in your hands! If the group is large enough, divide into subgroups with several discussion leaders or with the panel experts. Then each subgroup should have a secretary, and you will allow time for a brief report from each of the smaller bodies. Returns from such groups should include not only a pooling of resources and helpful exchange of ideas, but also questions for further exploration and recommendations for action.

Certainly, if you make a preliminary investigation of your own church facilities, you have asked representatives of the recreation and/or fellowship committees of the church to meet with you. In this case you would surely want to follow through with a committee to carry out suggested improvements and better publicity for the utilization of the opportunities already at hand.

A very significant outgrowth of this study session could be the assignment of certain projects to families with children in various age ranges, with the understanding that after a period of a month or six weeks a follow-up meeting would be held to which they would report on the new games learned, or under-

tanding achieved, according to the purpose of their particular assignment. An almost certain by-product of this type of experiment for the conscientious family will be the discovery of new joy and solidarity in doing things together.

With the inspiration of such a study on the creative use of leisure behind them, your parents' group could be a most important adjunct to the Children's Work Committee of the church in setting up a Christmas Workshop. Should such an event not already be in the offing, plan one yourselves. Denominational curriculum for all children's departments, parents' materials and leaders' magazines has splendid helps for worship, building crèches, gifts children can make, Christmas goodies, songs

and stories for the Christmas season, and simple dramatizations for use at home. There are also available excellent pamphlets dealing with Christmas on the several age levels. Further helps are to be found in various homemaking magazines and those for child guidance.

Given ample time for preparation you will have no difficulty in finding a family to enact their own Christmas Eve worship technique for the inspirational feature of the program. Should there be young children, plan for this at the outset of your program. Do not fail to acquaint the audience with the special themes and undertakings of their children's Church School departments for Christmas and help them see the im-

portant part which parents must play.

Plan a symposium, giving everyone a taste of what the evening has to offer, and then let folks listen to the records, browse through the books and make decorations and gifts to their hearts' content. End the evening with an opportunity to sample the Christmas goodies and take home the recipes. Instruct this committee to include the details of how Junior can decorate the cookies!

Arrange this evening carefully so that folks will appreciate its significance and at the same time feel that the atmosphere is leisurely and is run through with the golden thread of Christian fellowship. This is indeed an accomplishment of which to be proud and a worthy goal for any follow-up activity.

BIBLEGRAM

by Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A The end of horses' feet -----

39 13 37 78 130 113

B Any day except Sunday -----

58 3 32 4 83 33 23

C Our language -----

47 10 127 29 119 72 20

D Almost -----

21 110 100 75 129 -

E Got the answer to a puzzle -----

36 42 60 89 15 105

F Sausage meat, often made in rings -----

62 24 41 74 5 34 77

G A way to serve marshmallows at a picnic -----

14 96 27 55 19 2 11

H Used a hook and line -----

52 17 117 76 40 102

I Two equal parts of something -----

46 71 91 97 79 107

J Third year of a four-year High School course -----

115 25 104 59 69 43

K Asked, as to a party -----

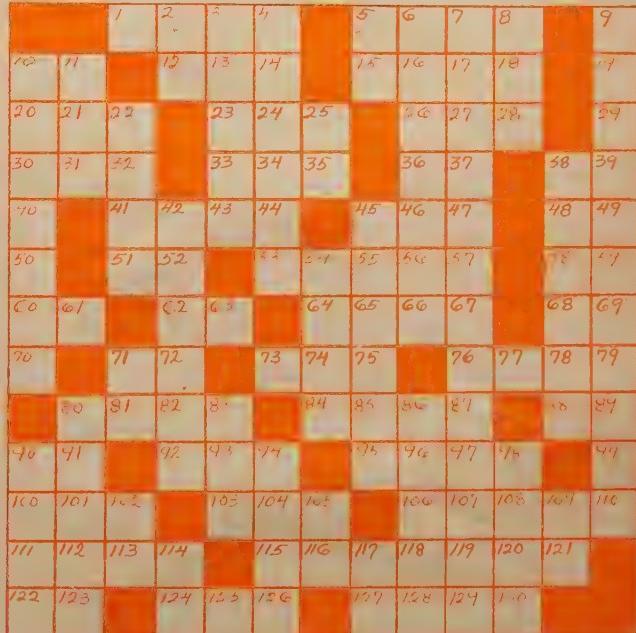
30 93 31 122 22 98 8

L Thirty and half a hundred -----

126 112 48 84 118 68

M Went to call on someone -----

16 82 1 90 45 63 35



Solution on page 28.

N Vegetable often used in sandwiches -----

108 49 26 81 38 51

O Large sea mammal, like Moby Dick -----

64 114 128 111 121

P Queen Elizabeth's capital city -----

95 101 123 44 54 12

Q Reason -----

120 103 116 80 88

R Detested or hated -----

61 6 92 56 67 87 50

S A feast day, or vacation day -----

53 7 18 65 94 9 28

T Something used in making bread -----

73 106 85 57 124

U Gave lessons, or instructed -----

86 109 70 99 125 66

At Last I Know—

Spellbound by breathless wonder of a bride,
Blissfully conscious that here at my side
Waited the man whose wife I'd just become
And that the shining future beckoned: "Come!"
I stooped and kissed my mother: With surprise
And swift impatience, saw her lifted eyes
Held tears I could not comprehend, for how,
Knowing my joy, could she feel sadness now?

I could not comprehend . . . until today
My daughter, bridal-blinded, went her way. . . .

by Ida Singleton Stovall

Stamp Collecting

(Continued from page 4.)

Then you go to the country. In a comfortable ox cart for special visitors, you roll along a paved road to a great sugar plantation. There are no mountains in Cuba; just low ranges of hills. Most of the people are engaged in some kind of farming. Of all the crops grown in Cuba, sugar cane is the most important. Probably the sugar used in your own home was grown here. Ask for a stalk of the juicy cane. You'll like it!

You won't want to miss the lovely forests; so ask your guide to drive the cart through the woods. On the eastern end of the island is the city of Santiago, which is surrounded by green woodlands of mahogany, dyewood, and Spanish cedar.

Soon it's time to return home. The trip was a pleasant one, and you hate to leave. There are other countries waiting to welcome you, however. You don't have to buy a ticket. A stamp will do!

Grace Before Meals

(Continued from page 15.)

In American homes where the custom of asking blessings has not been in use or has fallen into disuse, may I suggest that it is a practice that strengthens homes and families. It is a way of teaching children that humility in the presence of the Lord is good and wise and desirable. It is a way of reminding forgetful adults that none is sufficient unto himself. Grace at meals, I believe, is an antidote for the modern scourge of materialism. It should be a custom in every Christian home. It should, however, be more than a cus-

tom, it should be a time of gratitude, an act of worship, and a reminder that:

Dear Lord, we accept thy many gifts,
Taking them all for granted.
Forgetting it takes Your sun and rain,
To grow the seeds we planted.

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

" . . . Seek good, and not evil, that you may live; and so the LORD, the God of hosts, will be with you, as you have said. Hate evil, and love good, and establish justice in the gate. . . ." (Amos 5:14-15)

The Words

A Hooves	K Invited
B Weekday	L Eighty
C English	M Visited
D About	N Tomato
E Solved	O Whale
F Bologna	P London
G Toasted	Q Cause
H Fished	R Loathed
I Halves	S Holiday
J Junior	T Yeast
U Taught	

S-T-A-R

Four tiny tots having been carefully rehearsed for a Christmas pageant to form the letters S-T-A-R with their placards, were scrambled in utter confusion on the stage and finally produced the letters R-A-T-S.

—Frances Brown.

A Little Child

Shall Lead Us

by Amelia Burau

John, 5 years old, had been going to church with me every Sunday. The following Sunday I thought that we were about ready to leave for church when I noticed that John wasn't ready. I said,

"Son, aren't you coming with me?"

"No, I'm not," John retorted.

"Why?" I asked.

John looked at Father who was seated in an easy chair while reading the Sunday paper. He replied,

"Only sissies go to church; Daddy don't go, do you?"

Dad said, "You're wrong, son. Men like us go to church too."

Dad hadn't been to church for 20 years. He realized the truth in the words A Little Child Shall Lead Us.

A General Exodus Was Made

by Alfred Tooke

At Sunday morning service the minister based his sermon on the flight of the Children of Israel from Egypt and spoke of their "general exodus" immediately Pharaoh commanded Moses and Aaron to "Rise up, and get you forth from among my people."

In the afternoon it rained; so the neighbors' youngsters came in, and we all joined in some Bible games. In one of these the names of the Books of the Old Testament were written on separate slips of paper and shaken in a hat. Each youngster in turn drew a slip and was to tell one thing about the Book in question and then return the slip to the box which was shaken again before the next youngster drew. A new fact had to be told each time a slip was redrawn, or that player was "out," the winner being the one who lasted longest.

Mary drew JOSHUA. "Joshua made the sun stand still," she told us.

Jimmy drew DANIEL. "Daniel was thrown in the lions' den, but they wouldn't eat him," Jimmy said.

Peter, quite the youngest, drew EXODUS, and triumphantly announced, "The preacher told us about him this morning. He was the General who got Moses and the Children of Israel away from Pharaoh when he chased them out of Egypt."

Family Counselor

OUR CURRENT problem is this: Our eighteen-year-old daughter who finishes high school next May seems bent upon marriage with a Catholic boy. None of the usual arguments seem to dissuade her, and the boy seems as adamant as she. She has been a regular church member, active in Sunday school, choir, and youth groups since earliest childhood. My father and my uncle were ministers and also one aunt was a full-time Christian worker. Could it be that we have been too insistent about Protestantism and this is an adolescent revolt? The boy is a fine boy, young, strong, and ambitious, clean morally and physically, but shows no inclination to see our daughter's side of the problem. She says she will never embrace Roman Catholicism, but we adults know that if she marries him, she not only will be a Roman Catholic but must raise her future babies in that faith.

How far can parents go in advising against such a marriage, and why do we Protestants succumb so easily when the two faiths are involved? The *Catholic* never "gives in," if he is a devout communicant. Why must *we*? Where have we failed and why do the Catholics have such a peculiar hold upon *their* young people? Have *we failed* in allowing our youngsters too much denominational freedom? How can we teach brotherly love and friendship and yet put up the bars when there seems danger of intermarriage? We have spent much time in prayer over this problem; perhaps we are too much in earnest. Could you offer some advice?

YOUR problem is one that has brought serious heart searching to many a conscientious parent—and to young people, too—and it is one that does not have an easy answer. It is more or less inevitable that if Protestant and Roman Catholic young people go to school together, work together in the same offices, and engage in recreational activities together, they shall also fall in love with each other. I am sure, however, that none of us would want to isolate Catholics from Protestants and that neither would we want to stress a narrow denominationalism that limits the exercise of brotherhood and friendship to those within that denomination. We would seem, therefore, to be dealing with a situation that is the inevitable outcome of a democratic spirit that has its roots in the Christian gospel of brotherhood. You should not feel, therefore, that you necessarily have failed as a parent because your daughter wants to marry a Roman Catholic boy.

You have every reason to be concerned about this present situation, of course. Although there are many interfaith marriages that are successful, there

is no gainsaying the fact that interfaith marriages are much more likely to be broken than are marriages between couples of the same faith. I suppose you are correct, too, when you indicate that seldom does a *devout* Roman Catholic change to the Protestant faith. Nevertheless, it should be recognized that there are probably as many, if not more, Catholics becoming Protestants as there are Protestants changing to the Catholic faith. Although your daughter's fiancé feels that he never can become a Protestant, he may later change his mind, although, of course, you cannot count on it. If neither he nor your daughter changes to the faith of the other, it will be necessary for both of them to make such compromises as they can in their religious life and to respect the faith of the other. Difficult though this may be, it can be done.

There are several things that you can do. In the first place, and you probably already have done this, make sure that your daughter understands just what is involved in being married to a Roman Catholic. The little pamphlet put out by the National Council of Churches, 79 East Adams Street, Chicago 3, Illinois, entitled *If I Marry a Roman Catholic*, by Leland Foster Wood (5 cents), would be helpful to them both. Encourage your daughter and her friend to read such a pamphlet together and perhaps with the help of a priest and a minister, possibly at different times, look at the future. If she plans to be married soon, encourage her to visit in the home of her fiancé and become acquainted with the religious practices and customs of those who will be the grandparents of her children. If she likes them and feels at home in their presence, the marriage has a greater chance of success. If the opposite is true, she needs to know it before marriage.

I do not know what the expected age for marriage is in your family or community, but inasmuch as your daughter is only eighteen, it might be possible to persuade her either to go to college or to work for a year or so before getting married, assuring her that if at the end of that time she still wants to marry her friend, you will have no objection. If, however, she will not agree to this, and if both of them have seriously considered all that is involved and still want to go ahead with the marriage, about all you can do is to give it your blessing and be thankful that your daughter is marrying such a fine young man, even though he is a Roman Catholic.

Daniel M. Maynard

Treat 'Em Like Adults

(Continued from page 12.)

"I wish Mart and I had displayed as much consideration," Mrs. Walters said regretfully. "We really jumped on Linda the minute she opened the front door. What gave you the idea of treating your youngsters the way you would treat adults?"

"It started years ago when I scolded Forest for breaking my fancy cut-glass bowl," Mrs. Gardner replied. "In the middle of my tirade a cousin, who was visiting us, interrupted to say *she* had broken the bowl. Immediately my voice lost its sharpness, and I graciously accepted her apology. Later I realized how two-faced my behavior had been and decided to treat my own sons and daughters with as much consideration as I did more distant relatives. Since we started showing our children greater courtesy and deference, they are usually much more civil to us. Notice I said 'usually.' They are just as human as any youngsters. At least, however, I now have fewer regrets about my own conduct, and I feel I am giving my children a better example to follow."

Mrs. Rose beamed, "I am going to try your method," she said. "I can begin by acting like an adult myself. Thank you so much for helping with a tough problem!"

Quitting Time

To a little boy, the lawnmower
Is a glamorous thing to propel
Right up until he's big enough
To wield the implement well!

—Thomas Usk

This Is the Way We Did It....

Hearthstone would like to hear from its readers regarding the way they have handled certain problems and situations which have come up in their families. Write-ups should be limited to 500 words or less. Contributions which are accepted will be paid for at regular rates. Only those articles will be returned which carry return postage. Here is the chance for our readers to write!

This Is The Way We Did It

We Solved

An In-Law Problem

by Anne Dodge

WITHIN a few weeks after our marriage it became apparent that my husband's mother was creating a triangle.

Almost from the beginning she assumed we should move into her apartment and occupy her son's room. We could live with her for \$80 a month. "Just think of the money you'd save," she pointed out.

I remembered, however, my mother's time-honored advice about every family having their own home, even if it were a furnished room. I politely declined her offer a dozen times.

Then she decided we should buy furniture, for "No couple who's *anybody* lives in a *furnished apartment!*" Since Phil was making less than \$275 and paying \$45 on his car, I insisted we couldn't afford anything but rent and groceries.

"I'll make the down payment," she said, "and you can repay me when you're able."

As much as we would have enjoyed new furniture, we did not wish to go into debt.

We were besieged by dinner invitations, as many as three to four nights a week at her apartment or in her company. Frequently she phoned Phil at his office, and several times I was informed about these plans at 6 p.m.

Something definitely had to be done. At first I hesitated to mention it to Phil. The situation came to a head, however, when we were forced to spend a week with her. She became upset over the inexpensive apartment we'd rented. (My job terminated, and I could no longer afford my \$50 half of the rent on the Coral Point place she selected for us.) She had me remove our belongs from the new place while she sat in her car, saying, "No *decent* person would live in such a place!" She found us another apartment in the same neighborhood.

That night I gave vent to all the resentment that had welled up during the eight months of our marriage, relating the grievances I felt I had too long endured. The next day I consulted the pastor of Coral Point Christian Church who asked that Phil come, too.

In the dignity and quiet of his study the minister talked to us. He suggested that mother come in for a consultation, but Phil said he couldn't suggest it. Then Dr. Evans advised us not to accept any cash or expensive gifts, so as not to place us under further obligation. He put the problem strictly up to Phil, saying once a week is often enough to see parents—that a husband's first duty is to his wife.

That visit was more than a year ago, and today we're independent, we solve our own problems, and we answer to no one but God. It has been a long struggle to win independence, but to every young couple faced with the same problem, I say it can be done, happily and justly.

BOOK REVIEWS

Books for adults

"What are little boys made of?" finds an answer in **Understanding Boys**, by Clarence G. Moser (Association Press, 1953. 190 pages. Price, \$2.50.) If you have ever said to yourself as you watched your son, "I just can't understand why he acts that way," then here is a book that will give you some help. The author earned his knowledge of boys by working as secretary of Boys Work for twenty-one years in the Evanston, Ill., Y. M. C. A. The first ten chapters deal in a general way with the growth of a boy. Then he takes a boy at different stages in his growth, from birth to his seventeenth year and describes what happens at each stage. Of course, not all the problems are dealt with adequately in this one small book, but there is enough help to afford every parent a feeling of greater ease as he tries to help his own son grow in the right directions. The book is probably least helpful in its religious approach, although religious development is not ignored. The best endorsement this reviewer can give is the remark his own twelve-year-old son made after reading some of it. "That's an interesting book, Pop!"

According to the wails which have recently arisen regarding the poor reading ability of so many people, **How to Become a Better Reader**, by Paul Witty (Science Research Associates, Chicago, 1953. 316 pages. Price, \$3.08, paper) is a greatly needed book. Here are twenty lessons (not necessarily easy ones) which help to answer such questions as, Can you learn to read better? How will better reading benefit you? How much can you improve your reading? What are your reading needs? How do your eyes behave while reading? How can you read faster? How do you find the main idea in reading? How can you improve your vocabulary? How can you balance your reading? How can you become a mature reader? How can you keep on reading better? There are twenty general reading exercises, each accompanied by a reading test. Anyone who disciplines himself to work his way through this book will become a better reader. The author is professor of education at Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.

Are you interested in the weather? Undoubtedly you are, for you are always talking about it. **Today's Revolution in Weather!** by William J. Baxter (International Economic Research Bureau, New York, 1953. 131 pages. Price, \$1.00) will help you talk more intelligently about it. What weather means to your business, your health, your stocks, and your real estate is discussed with wit and wisdom. We may be threatened with another dust bowl, but this is no dry-as-dust tome.

"Man has always that distant respect for the weather which he has for the woman he marries—she changes him without his knowing it, but he never dreams of changing her. He accepts it, makes adjustments to live with it and almost forgets it—until it suddenly changes its mind."

Virgil Partch, widely known cartoonist for many magazines, illustrates the book with his side-splitting caricatures. Here's a lot of weather for a dollar!

Every person who is interested in the Bible will find **Right and Wrong Ways to Use the Bible**, by J. Carter Swain (Westminster Press, Philadelphia, 1953. 176 pages. Price \$2.50) a very interesting and helpful book. There are wrong ways to use the Bible of which many sincere Bible lovers are guilty, largely because they do not understand why they

are wrong. An understanding of the right use and approach to the Book of books would eliminate much of the friction and misunderstanding between sincere Christian people. This is not to say that it would eliminate their differences, but it would go far to remove the suspicions and false charges that are too often made. You will have a better appreciation for the Bible after reading this book whose author is director of the Department of English Bible of the National Council of Churches.

A book of great value to all who are interested in devotional reading is Evelyn Underhill's **An Anthology of the Love of God** (MacKay Co., Inc., New York, 1953. 220 pages. Price, \$3.50). This is a selection of the writings of one of the greatest contemporary devotional authors. She expresses her philosophy in the words of St. John of the Cross, "When the evening of this life comes, we shall be judged on Love." She is herself one of those mystics whom she defines as those who "know for certain the presence and activity of that which they call the Love of God." In a world which is famishing for love on the highest plane this book attempts to supply some of that need. The editing is done by Bishop Lumsden Barkway and Lucy Menzies. Here is a good book to keep on your devotional table or by your bedside.

FROM CHILDREN'S BOOK COUNCIL





Over the Back Fence

Let's Think About Politics!

This is election month again. You and your family have a tremendous stake in keeping our democratic system of government solvent. It will not remain an effective form of government if less than fifty per cent of the people take any interest in what government is and what it does.

As parents you can influence greatly the development of your children into responsible, intelligent citizens. Perhaps nothing is more important in this area than to help them think as clearly and as objectively as possible about the various issues in this or any other election. A blind, unthinking, uncritical loyalty to any political party is not the essence of democracy's strength. Therefore, your first duty to your children in this area is not to make them into good *Democans* or *Republicrats* as you and your forefathers have been but to help them study widely, think deeply, and choose with discrimination concerning the problems of wise government.

Hearthstone hopes that you have been talking politics in your family circle. A calm, reasoned, careful weighing of as many facts and positions as possible will help your children become better citizens to meet the growing complexities of tomorrow.

Do You Like Advertising?

Millions upon millions of dollars are spent on advertising every year by the liquor distilling and beer brewing industries. That advertising comes into your homes in newspapers, magazines, radio, and television. That it has succeeded in selling more alcoholic beverages is revealed by the results of two surveys. One made in 1947 found that only two out of every five homes thought it suitable to serve beer in the home. The U.S. Brewers Foundation in March, 1953, reported that beer is now served in two out of every three homes in this country.

When reading, listening to, or watching those appealing products of the advertisers' arts it is a good thing to remember such statements as the following:

Justice John J. Connolly of Boston Juvenile Court said, "Liquor is the greatest factor in juvenile delinquency today, for it leads youth down avenues to drugs, immorality, and immorality."

The Boise, Idaho, *Challenge* editorialized, "Beer and liquor have been the basic—or the contributing—cause of ninety-six per cent of all juvenile cases reaching court in Ada County. . . . Liquor is a factor in ninety-eight per cent of all the dependent or neglected children cases."

There has been a liquor advertising regulation bill before Congress nearly every session for some years. At least it has come up in committee, but seldom gets to the floor of Congress. Here is something that we as Christian parents can do. Write our senators and congressmen urging them to work for passage of a bill to prohibit liquor and beer advertising in our various agencies of mass communication.

Many students of the problem believe that juvenile delinquency and liquor-associated crime would be reduced greatly by such a ban. It really is worth trying.

Welcome, Sue Heron!

With this issue a new name appears as assistant editor of *Hearthstone* on the masthead page. Miss Sue Heron, recent graduate in journalism from Drake University, has taken over that office and is hard at work. Since June 21, when she began her service with us, she has quickly fitted into the routine of work and is demonstrating excellent ability. Her first job was to copy edit an article by Frances Dunlap Heron, her mother, which appears in this issue. Her mother was assistant editor of *Front Rank*, young adult weekly paper published by the Christian Board of Publication, a number of years ago.

SURE
Every Family
Should Have
Books and Newspapers



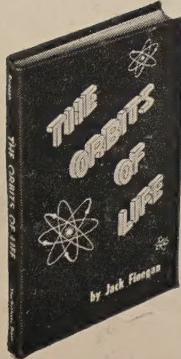
But Every Family
Needs
Hearthstone
Too!

Encourage Your
Church to
Put It
in Every Home!



For a Year-Long Christmas

When the air is full of the happiness, love and thoughtfulness of family and friends give tokens of cheer which, when ribbons are cut and seals are broken will hold a promise, reveal a treasure chest to be opened again and again through the year.



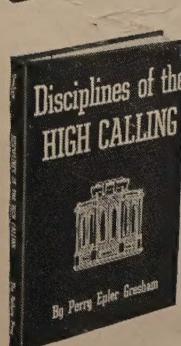
THE ORBITS OF LIFE

By Jack Finegan. Eighteen religious essays squarely facing life's problems, turning confidently to our Christian heritage: the Bible. The book explains work Christians are called to do, ways we today can find strength and guidance for doing this work. \$2.50



THE 7 TEEN YEARS

By Alberta Z. Brown. This practical book for teen-agers discusses in a friendly manner what happens when you "go along with the crowd"—how to take the ups and downs of life—dangerous "thrill" activities—how to read the Bible—how revenge hurts revenger—dating. \$1.50



LIKE A WATERED GARDEN

By Jessie M. Trout. Meditations for Christian Women. Lovely, new, illustrated devotions for personal use or for women's groups. Each week's service arranged on facing pages; general outline follows the year's calendar; Bible reading, meditation, prayer, hymn and music. (Ready November 1, 1954.) Tentative price, \$2.50

HIRA LAL OF INDIA: Diamond Precious

By Leta May Brown. Diamond Precious . . . doctor of soul and body. A new inspiring story of an early convert to Christianity, laid in Disciples of Christ mission, Mungeli, India. \$3.00

DISCIPLINES OF THE HIGH CALLING

By Perry Epler Gresham. Lectures about challenge, hazards, responsibilities of Christian ministry. . . . Study; sermon building, voice; mannerisms; appearance; counseling; evangelism; etc. \$2.50

THE QUEST FOR PERSONAL POISE

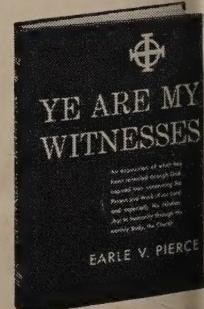
By Helen L. Toner. Meditations (62) companion to *Little Prayers for Personal Poise*. Meet life through dynamic faith in Christ: *Pattern for Praying, I Won't Look Back, True to Others*, etc. \$1.25

TENTS TOWARD THE SUNRISE

By Charles W. Koller. Inspiration, guidance for Christians concerned with responsibilities of church, faith. ". . . down-to-earth in its applications, but up to heaven in its view . . ." Earle V. Pierce. \$2.00

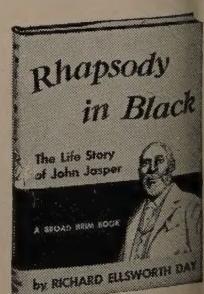
YE ARE MY WITNESSES

By Earle V. Pierce. A comprehensive view of Christian faith. Explanation of the Book of Acts shows the reality of the Church as earthly body of Christ . . . due cause for a renaissance in the modern church. \$3.00



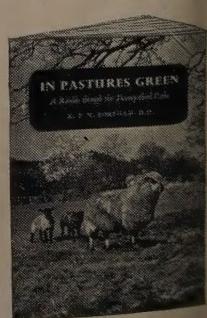
RHAPSODY IN BLACK

By Richard Ellsworth Day. An obscure, slave preacher's rise to fame through the Civil War era in Virginia. John Jasper's biography includes two sermons. \$2.50



IN PASTURES GREEN

By F. W. Boreham, D.D. "A ramble through the Twenty-third Psalm" will, Dr. Boreham hopes, carry to others the comfort and grace of the Shepherd Psalm. 75¢



DREAMS AT SUNSET

By F. W. Boreham, D.D. Through delightful essays based on life-time reminiscences, one feels the still beauty of the countryside. \$1.25